

Turn/Rose

Fractures

The colours run, the dyes connect, they bleed into others
The image forms, it paints a scene, we can't move forward
A feeling comes, the pulse subsides, we turn into rubble
So reconstruct what there were once was, and I'll pay for it

Say what you wish, not sure what it accomplishes
Paint an image indistinct, from what we're caught in
What was said's nothing but some poor reflection of us
Can't help but think the signal's weak
Thank you for your time
Keep my mind off, keep in mind
Keep in mind that what was perfect wore
Down to something formless

Maybe a relief was coming
Tension underneath now nothing
It was all that it could be, all that it could be

We're uncovered aren't we
Were aligned but then it shifts
We lose our grip

No ill will on my part
I hang on to sentiment
Don't want to forget

I concede we were muddled
But you could see where the colour was
When it breathed it seemed so safe

Though it seems just another unfortunate ending
I contest that it wasn't worthless like we left it

And it was singular, and we were drawn through some attraction
And we were elements, and we combined, and we combined
There was a tenderness, though it defied our interaction
We weren't pretending when, the light was low, we were alone